

After the ejection of volcanic ash came the lava stream which overspread the former to a great depth; and, on cooling, assumed a rude columnar structure similar to that of Fingal's Cave, and Giant's Causeway. These beds were as yet under the sea, and the water, percolating through them, dissolved a portion of their silicious substance and redeposited it in the cavities of the amygdaloid below; forming beautiful crystals, for the abundance and variety of which this region is justly celebrated.

The whole district was then upheaved, probably slowly, allowing the strong bay tide rushing over its surface to wear away its softer portions leaving it corrugated by valleys and rounded hills.

As the sandstone beds sloped towards the Northwest, the trap would have a like dip in that direction and under the Bay, thus to some extent protecting that side from the action of the sea; while upon the South side the swift current, acting upon the softer sandstone at the base, wore it away more rapidly, forming a more abrupt slope. These circumstances, together with the other denuding forces of nature, operating through succeeding ages, have brought the North Mountains to very near their present form.

And still the work of dissolution goes on. Every spring, all along parts of the coast, thousands of tons, loosened by the frost, fall from the cliffs in huge avalanches, opening a fresh and prolific field for the mineralogist, and adding new beauties to its wild and picturesque scenery.

THE THING.

Calculus is a junior study. Calculus tries men's souls. . . . Verily it is a cruel study and wasteth him who pursueth it, inch by inch, aye, marrow and bone doth it waste him, and leaveth him nothing instead but "a fond heart sickened, and a fair hope dead."

Let me say this, for I believe it. Let me say this, because I know whereof I speak.

I have studied this calculus, this *thing*. Hour after hour I have pored over its

pages till the *de's* and *dy's* seemed to glare upon me like fiends. Night after night hath this *thing* stolen from the golden hours "which I shall never get back to all eternity," giving me in their place dulled brain, wearied eyes, deadened ambition, saddened heart, utter despondency, complete discouragement, hopeless despair, ashes and myrrh and gall, bitterness upon bitterness, till my soul was crushed and I longed to go "Any-where, anywhere, out of the world."

But the longing was fruitless, and I suffer yet. All the day it haunts me, numbing my senses. Into my dreams cometh a death's head and cross bones, with differentials of secants and tangents and sines, flitting about it like evil spirits. All these things have I endured. Since the days of Newton many men have endured them. Some men have studied this *thing* and have even declared it beautiful, although I would fain hope that, in the marble over the beds of such is carved "*requiescat in pace*." For he who slanders all the beautiful things on this fair earth, by finding beauty in this calculus, this *thing*, must feel sadly out of place.

I believe in the sublimity of calm endurance. I worship the resolute, fixed purpose which suffers without complaining. Therefore will I remain silent. Why should I cry out? I can receive no aid. I have learned long ago that "no man is either able or willing to help any other man." Besides, have I not pride that would refuse aid?

I will possess my soul in patience. I will learn this calculus, this *thing*, though my brow grow furrowed, and my brain grow dull. I will teach my lips to say, though I believe it not, that there may be beauty in this calculus, that this *thing* may be useful, that it may be practical.—*Kansas Review*.

LECTURES.

On Friday evening, Jan. 23rd, the second lecture of the series under the auspices of the Athenæum, was given by Mr. Geo. Johnson, late editor of the *Halifax Reporter*, upon the subject of "Patriotism."